









## THE INFLUENCE OF FRANCE IN EUROPE.

(From the Spectator.)  
Is there any such thing in the details which have been given in this issue of the Spectator as to the condition of Imperialist France, of her army, her people, her administration, the last feeling with which such a picture should inspire an Englishman should be that of a Phœnix self-righteousness. For in truth many traits of that picture must remind him of what he sees around him in his own country. It may not quite be *de te fabula, sed proximus* writ indeed even short of the mark.

For indeed the influence of France over the world, over Europe, over England, is a fact of which few Englishmen have wit enough to acknowledge to themselves the greatness. Partly, no doubt, because Frenchmen are so loud-spoken in asserting it, so blind to the existence of any other influence, that many Englishmen feel it a sort of point of patriotism to undertake, pooh-pooh, what is so boastfully and unfairly put forward. But to an impartial observer it must be matter of extreme doubt which of the two influences, the French or the English, is really the most extensive. The French (including in this term that of the whole French-speaking races) may be said to manifest itself more directly and suddenly; the English more slowly, and to a great extent indirectly through the French. It is really through Voltaire and Montesquieu, through Benjamin Constant and Madame de Staël, that the English principles of constitutional government and of civil and religious liberty have found their way round the world. Voltaire discovered Shakespeare and Newton, Milton and Locke; Rousseau the United States, not for France alone, but for the whole Latin race at least. Without J. B. Say, political economy (as we now understand the term) might have remained well-nigh unknown out of the British Isles; without Dumont, the powerful impulse given by Benjamin to law-reform might equally have stopped on the hither shore of the Channel. But it is as difficult for an Englishman to admit that the influence of his own country remains insular until accepted by France, as for a Frenchman to admit how much of apparently French influence is really English in its origin.

England, on the other hand, is far slower in receiving influence from France than the continental nations; nay, her first impulse is, perhaps, to draw herself up and resist it. Still, from the days of Edward the Confessor, there have been epochs in her history in which that influence has been unmistakable; those of the Plantagenets, for instance; of Charles II., and, so far as literature is concerned, of nearly the whole period which extends from Milton to Burke. Within our own generation, the passing of the Reform Bill is to be looked upon as in a great measure the sequel to the French Revolution of 1830; whilst the influence of France over the literature and manners of our own day is still enormous. France, be it remembered, is the great creator for the theatre throughout the world; England, almost the only country which takes the trouble so much as to re-cast a French piece; elsewhere, from Naples to Lima, it would be merely translated. The range of the French novel is scarcely less extensive. Any one who has read Miss Bremer's works, for instance, will be struck with the evidence which they afford of the familiarity of the far North with contemporary French novelists. The same witness is afforded by Countess Hahn-Hahn for Germany, by Fernán Caballero for Spain. The influence of these made itself felt in the literature of the United States even before it was traceable in that of England; but who by this time can doubt the wide-spread familiarity of the very lowest grades of the English reading public with Alexandre Dumas' romances, and with many other forms of French light literature? Day by day, as our knowledge of French spreads through our middle to our working classes, not only do translations of French works multiply, but the original works themselves are read. What facilities now exist for obtaining French books to read in London, compared with the days in which but little in the shape of French was taken in by any circulating library, beyond the last Paul de Kock, for the behoof of a certain number of epicures in the nass?

We must, therefore, accept this influence of France at the present day as a fact, not only for all the world besides, but for ourselves. And it does, therefore, very truly concern us if the sources of that influence be healthy or diseased, quickening or stagnant, ennobling or corrupting. But who can say that the moral influence of the Second Empire has worked for good on any single nation in the world, except through the resistance which has been offered to it, the repulsion which it has inspired? What has most braced up Italian nationality—the conquest of Lombardy by the aid of Napoleon III., or the sturdy and successful resistance to the peace of Villafranca which he had dictated, the persistent protest against his occupation of Rome? Whose example had done most to keep the traditional Italian poignard in its sheath—that of Risorgimento refusing to bend before the modern Nebuchadnezzar, and Garibaldi flinging defiance in his face, or that of the grinning Kaiser? For England, too, the Second Empire has done two great things: it has called forth our Volunteer movement; it has driven us to renew our Navy. Whatever effects have been produced upon England, so to speak, in the grain of that influence, have been purely evil; from the prating of our Positivists about the blessings of Imperialism, in the teeth of every memory worth preserving in the history of England or of mankind, down to that invention of a French Empress, ashamed of motherhood, which, besides offending every sense of classic artistic beauty, has certainly been the cause of more deaths, and those more dreadful ones, than all other articles of human dress put together throughout the world during the same period of time.

From the "demi-monde" of the Second Empire have come to us, though with an originality of their own,—"pretty horse-breakers" and other Hætare who for the first time in our history have begun to form a pretty distinct class in English society; nor is it possible to estimate how overwhelming would have been the tide of public immorality from the shores of Imperial France, had it not been for the checks which have been opposed to it by the sovereignty of a virtuous Queen and the example of her Court. But apart even from these coarser and more glaring forms of evil influence, who among us is not conscious, around him on all sides, within his own self, of feelings and tendencies, often indeed antagonistic among themselves, yet closely akin to those which are lowering France—of that moral lassitude, that despair of good from above or from below in the social cosmos, that worship of brute often amounting to a tacit accompliceship in evil realities, that tolerance of cant for want of faith, or intolerance of faith because we dare not acknowledge the existence of aught but cant, that practical godlessness, in a word, assuming as it

does the most various forms, compatible at once with the most feverish physical and intellectual activity, and with absolute torpor of the whole man—which alone could have stifled demands for Reform, maintained Mr. Disraeli in the leadership of the Conservative party, enabled the *Record* or the *Saturday Review* to live and decent folk to read them, allowed Mr. Carlyle to dictate to a large portion of our youth, and created a sympathy between free England and the great slave-power of Northern America? All these, be it observed, are points on which there is fellow-feeling between us and the French Imperial system. That stands out before the world as the great exemplar of triumphant brute force, clever self-will utterly unscrupulous as to means, firm alliance, with every available cant, persistent compression of every quickening faith. Whilst it is there, it is a stone in the very heart of the European Continent, chilling all around, and even ourselves across the waters. Let us be frank; in what country are men not conscious that the Second French Empire is the standing nuisance of the world? Sharp as has been and still is the crisis of American disruption, the permanent uncertainty as to the motions of that mighty and inscrutable self-will at the Tuilleries has done far more during the last ten years to paralyze and disorganize trade and the familiar relations of nation with nation, man with man. The fear of that it which has made all countries arm to the teeth. Why is Italy rushing headlong into an enormous debt, straining every nerve to increase her armies? Is it only to be able to cope with Austria? Would she toss, as she does now, in such an ecstasy of anguish upon the live coals of her hopes, instead of letting them blaze forth as beacon-fires upon her onward path, had she only a generous France behind her, and not an Imperial bird of prey? Would England be expending sums on her iron-clad navy which would give food and labour to tens of thousands of her suffering ones, but for a well-grounded distrust of her "august ally"?

No, there is no real peace for England—for the world—so long as the Imperial despotism weighs upon France, galling and corrupting at once the great people which is subject to it. So long as this lasts, all European progress, if not suspended, must creep on at a snail's pace; only so far secure, as it manages to keep clear of entanglement with the Napoleonic policy. In short, the old Cromwellian saying must, whilst Napoleon III. holds the crown, be the motto for all the world besides:—"Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

## JOKING IN EXTERIOR.

(From the London Review, September 27.)  
The ruling passion is strong in America, even in the most death-like of its struggles for national existence. If the fatal hour has come, and the nation of dissolution are close at hand, there will be with the Americans, as with so many heroes of a lower dramatic interest, the satisfaction of dying game. A nation which considers its principal mission to be that of providing "sensations" for the rest of mankind, will not pass away without showing some sign; the bluest of fires and the loudest of trumpets shall at least proclaim its doom. The last new idea which has struck the imagination of the newspaper editors of New York is that of making a joke of the war. The series of disasters which terminated in the retreat from Centreville have been, it is not perhaps too much to say, irreparable to the Northern States. From ten to twenty thousand citizens have been killed or wounded, the equivalent of some million dollars has been lost, and the integrity of the Union is beginning to be degraded. Under these circumstances, the obvious question arises, what will be the most startling thing that the inhabitants of New York can do? What conduct will most surprise quiet people in Europe? The editor of the *New York Herald* has decided—and we cannot but think he has decided rightly—that the most unexpected and astonishing course which he can take will be that of treating the losses of the army with a pleasant and lively ridicule. The war has, indeed, so far been by no means fertile in jokes. Either the Irish regiments have been deserted by their native fun, and the shrewd humour of the Yankees has failed them, or else, as we should have considered more probable, both sides have had too much to do with the serious business of the war to pay much attention to the lighter side of life. There was the joke about the Belgian rifles towards the beginning of the war, and the names of the regiments; the captain, they said, could always tell how many of his men had fired by counting the number that lay sprawling on the ground afterwards. Lately there has been the telegraphic joke, which, whether the facts be authentic or mythical, has by this time been laughed over at every breakfast-table in Great Britain. With these exceptions, however, there have been no jokes. There has been no shade of merriment to enliven the dreary spectacles of sickness and defeat. Now, thinks New York, it is time for a little harmless mirth. People cannot always be mournful, even if sons and brothers do get shot sometimes by the enemy. It is said to think that a thousand men lay shockingly wounded for three days on the plains of Gettysburg, without a drop of water to drink, or a single hand to help them. But, and though it be, it does not do to be always complaining. At Texas, idle tears, the *New York* journalists would think what on earth you mean. Away with the wailing. Would it not be a good idea if some enterprising publisher were to bring out a Comic History of the War for Christmas circulation?

The occasion which has immediately called out the humorous powers of New York is one which would be absurd enough if viewed otherwise than in connection with the fate of a nation. We can quite understand a Richmond paper making mirth of it, on the principle that those who laugh who win; and that Englishmen should be amused is natural enough. What surprises us is that those should laugh so loud who lose so irretrievably. On the 22nd of last month, General Pope's army was encamped near the Reppahannock, his own quarters being close to a spot called Callett's Station, secure, as he supposed from the enemy. Here were the tents of his officers, here his maps and despatches, here the materials of his wardrobe. History does not record—perhaps it has not yet had time to invent—how many socks and waistcoats were to be found among the equipment of the General. But to their owner it matters little now. That fatal Friday night found the head-quarters of the army negligently guarded, and the pretorium itself left a prey. There took place what is officially styled a "rapid dash." The rebel General Stuart, with 1200 cavalry, rode in upon the wagon trains, captured a number of horses, broke up the staff-train itself, scared the sentinels, shot the sentinels, and made a clean sweep of the whole personal property of the unhappy Pope. Not Mæzæpe when he was looted by

the Tartars, not Epidus when they left him on Cithæron, could have been more forlornly destitute of all that tailors sell. It was bad enough to lose his official memoranda and plans of the campaign; but, even in the absence of these, it would have been possible to dress for dinner. As it was, the loss was hopeless. The ill-fated commander may hereafter rise to eminence and glory—he may provide himself again with the necessities of life, and money will procure him its comforts—he may command armies and gain victories—possibly if fortune does not fail him at so giddy an elevation, he may some day come to achieve one half of the success of which his own despatches speak,—but never in this world will General Pope see those dress boots any more.

So far the subject is by no means dismal, except to the victim himself. It happened, however, that the day on which the news was brought was that on which the first of the great battles was fought which decided the issue of the summer campaign. This raid of Stuart's was actually the beginning of troubles—the earnest of defeat after defeat. The facetious correspondent to whom the task was entrusted making merry with the "rapid dash," appears in print side by side with another who describes the retreat to Warrenton. In justice to him it must be said that his narrative is amusing enough; and to add to its piquancy, he represents his merit as being partly at his own expense. He left, though we fear that the loss is but a fiction invented to give a personal interest to the story—a certain amount of baggage at Callett's station, and went for a tour in Virginia; and when he returned to find it, he sought and found it not. "The only article I could find having any semblance to aught I ever possessed, was the bottom of an old cloth 'carpet-bag,' with my initials painted in white letters thereon, lying in a mudhole near the wreck of an army ambulance." The story of certain pantaloons which the writer professes to have lost, and in which various articles of dress he declares that he was married but a few months before, is somewhat too audacious; though, as the readers like their joke at this particular season, they probably like to have it pretty stiff, and plenty of it. The best part of the letter is the catalogue of the several articles which were saved by the various officers of the staff, which has been already copied into some English journals.

Name	Articles Saved.
Gen. Pope	Ridge-pole of his tent.
Col. Ruggles, Chief of Staff	Carpet of tent.
Gen. Roberts, Chief of Artillery	Everything.
Major Seifridge, A.A.G.	Two dozen paper collars.
Col. Cleary, U.M.	Liquor-case only.
Col. M'Comb, C.E.	His brass-wrench.
Col. Morgan	Nothing.
Col. Butler	Nothing.
Col. Beckwith	His spectacles only.
Major Meine	His splendid mess-chest intact.
Capt. Shunk	The solid socks.
Capt. Asche	Everything.
Capt. Goulding	Two clocks.
Capt. Pope, A.C.S.	Himself.
Capt. Brown	Brush broom, and a bottle of hair tonic.

And so on. It is a clever piece of impudence, and has enough verisimilitude to make it amusing. In a footnote the writer remarks, *a propos* of Major Seifridge's collars, that that officer has since divided them with General Pope. Captain D. Pope, he adds, "when last heard of, was inquiring the way to Alexandria." He does not mention a circumstance, the grim humour of which is fully equal to that of the above catalogue, and which is told in the Confederate journals. Among the documents carried off by General Stuart was Pope's commission, in black and white. In hot haste the Confederate commander, when he found that he had sent it back to its owner in safety. It would never answer the views of the Southerners to have General Pope superseded through any informality. He was far too valuable an adversary.

It is a curious instinct in our nature which makes laughter a congenial accompaniment of passionate fear or sorrow. It is not the laughter of mirth, but the laughter of excitement and hysteria. It is easy to confuse the two, or to mistake them for one another. The mirth of New York after Gettysburg is not that of Nero while Rome was burning; the latter arose from indifference, the former springs rather from feelings too intensely wrought. It is not because we think the journalists of New York too calm for the occasion that we find fault with them; it is rather because their ill-timed mirth shows a want of dignity and soberness. It is in such a spirit that men blind themselves to danger; it is not in such a spirit that they prepare to meet it. The mere approach of calamity need not, it is true, cloud the brow of a philosopher, or even render brave men sad. Hume died as though in a drawing-room, and martyrs have walked to the scaffold with a smile. One of the bravest men that ever lived, the last victim of the Australian exploring expedition, kept a diary up to three days before his death; and in the very last page of all, written when the pains of starvation were actually upon him, he declares almost cheerfully that he is "waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up." But it would be a very short-sighted observer who would compare with the calm of such a death the facelessness of the American Press. Not deliberate heartlessness, but a weak shrinking from a painful subject, lies at the bottom of the latter. There is ample room for pleasantry in every grave topic. The chief element of humour is a strong appreciation of contrast; and the magnitude of the crisis rather augments than lessens the opportunities for a comic treatment. More humorous remarks have probably been made on death than on any other subject of human interest; the fact that a secular use of any passage in the Bible is sure to excite a smile, does not prove that Englishmen despise their sacred books, but rather indicates their reverence for them. Still, no men play with the subject of death when their friends are dying; no one will use Scriptural words for purposes of comedy at the very moment of his devotions. It would speak better for the dignity of the Americans, as well as for their strength of mind, if, while the enemy are in sight of Washington, they left merriment alone. We presume that the Northern editors are able to test pretty accurately the feelings of their readers; and we infer that such a treatment as that of which we have given a specimen is not distasteful to the greater number. Perhaps an English populace might show similar feelings on such an occasion, but we hope better things of them. If our capital was in imminent danger, and our national integrity vanishing, it is hard to believe that a London newspaper would treat its readers to a full column of "chaff" at the very moment when an enemy's fleet came yonder round under the hills.

## MORE BEEF FOR THE SOLDIERS.

(From the United Service Gazette, October 25.)  
"VITAL STATISTICS," that most valuable of modern sciences, when worked with correctness, has now fairly got hold of the army, and annually publishes its tables of strength and

weight, and health and vitality, as found amongst our soldiers; tells us whether they are physically improving or deteriorating, and, if a decline is found anywhere, suggests a means by which a better state of things may be brought about. To the present Director-General of the Army Medical Department we are indebted for a valuable contribution to the vital statistics of the empire, and all we have to hope is, that Dr. Gibson's excellent intentions are faithfully carried out, and that the tables now published may be relied on as accurately representing the condition with respect to health, strength, and efficiency of our national army.

One result which the annual report discloses, and which must be a subject of regret, is the inferior stamina of our recruits, and the large proportion of them which are rejected upon medical inspection. We fear that if the mode of enlistment be not altered this must be a gradually increasing evil. So long as we have only volunteers to rely on we shall have to choose between the loose men of the country and the corresponding class in the towns. In the former, our market is nearly spoiled by emigration; and in the latter, our choice only lies amongst those whose restless natures or reluctance to labour unfit them for the steady pull of civilian employment. In these latter days the evil has been much exaggerated by the gradual widening of the chasm between military pay and artisans' or labourers' wages. The pay of the soldier is exactly the same as it was sixty years ago, whilst the wages of all other men of his class in life have risen cent. per cent. Through the influx of gold from California and Australia, money has been getting cheap and every article of consumption dear; and whilst civilian wages have gradually expanded in accordance with the change, the soldier's pay remains rigidly the same, and military service thus becomes year by year less and less attractive to the men whom we should like to see entering it. This is the reason why our recruits are beginning to be found so much fault with by the doctors. We get youths of inferior stature, and with narrow chests, because the stalwart and broad-shouldered find a better market elsewhere; and the recruiting sergeant is constantly overbid in the article which he is most desirous of purchasing.

Red tape, therefore, and an ill-advised economy interfere with the efficiency of our army at the very threshold, but it does infinitely more harm after these weak recruits have been enrolled. We have before commented on the injury which was done to raw recruits by over drill, but we now find that to this evil we must add the still more serious one of under-feeding. There is a vulgar notion abroad that our soldier is a lazy, pampered fellow, with little or nothing to do, and plenty to eat; and that, with the exception of an occasional little episode of war and its hardships, he is, next to the powdered footman of the squares, the most comfortable and luxurious idler in the community. That notion is exceedingly erroneous. Our soldier under the modern system of drill is as hardworked as any labourer or mechanic; and, according to the annual report, he is also worse lodged and lower fed than either. His ration of meat is three-quarters of a pound, raw, and bone included; and any one who has the slightest idea of culinary matters will see at once that this means more harm after these weak recruits have been enrolled. We have before commented on the injury which was done to raw recruits by over drill, but we now find that to this evil we must add the still more serious one of under-feeding. There is a vulgar notion abroad that our soldier is a lazy, pampered fellow, with little or nothing to do, and plenty to eat; and that, with the exception of an occasional little episode of war and its hardships, he is, next to the powdered footman of the squares, the most comfortable and luxurious idler in the community. That notion is exceedingly erroneous. Our soldier under the modern system of drill is as hardworked as any labourer or mechanic; and, according to the annual report, he is also worse lodged and lower fed than either. 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## TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES

[illegible]



**VICTORIA.**  
 Robert Melhorn

[illegible][illegible]

2010年12月	2010年12月
2010年12月	2010年12月
2010年12月	2010年12月

of the rolling mills employed until near Christmas. Increased demand for iron is now experienced from almost all sources of consumption. Structures being the chief demand, there is a good demand for France and the United States. The demand for rails, too, is better, and there appears to be a general impression that a rise in price is probable in the near future. The hardware trades are on the whole active.

**BONDED STOCKS.**  
Week ending Wednesday, 25th December, 1882.

DENOMINATION.	Stock on hand at close of 12th December.	Received into Bond.	Delivered for Consumption.	Delivered for Exportation.
Sum—West India. gals.	171,320	23,384	2,117	339
East India	1,346	—	—	—
Foreign	1,346	—	—	—
All other Spirits	1,584	508	194	26
Brandy	132,127	7,504	803	151
Genever	1,346	—	1,095	49
Whisky	25,084	1,881	—	—
Liqueurs	2,192	95	22	56
Gin	1,346	—	—	—
Wine	37,623	13,780	628	130

[illegible]



**At Sunderland :—**

the subjects over whose fortunes they are appointed to preside. The broad truth that in matters of commerce you cannot obtain an advantage without bestowing a boon lies at the root of all sound argument upon every matter both of legislation and of practice. That is the alpha and the omega of the whole subject; that is the principle upon which, permit me to say, the Government of England proceeded in the negotiation of the French treaty. We did not go to France with certain concessions in hand, and say, "Now, we will make these concessions if you will make certain other concessions, and will withhold them if you do not." If we had entered into the transaction of that treaty upon any such ground we should have failed. We never attempted for one moment to conceal from France our perfect knowledge that all the changes which we were making in our own tariff, with a view to meet their corresponding changes, were as beneficial to us as they were beneficial to them. We did not proceed, in concluding that treaty, to extract principle at all, except the principle I have just named, which is, indeed, a practical as well as an abstract proposition. We found that France, less advanced in commercial experience, less advanced in the arguments that bear upon these questions than ourselves, was, notwithstanding, upon the guidance of a Government perfectly enlightened and seeking to avail itself of the best instruments in its power for the purpose of making practical progress towards free trade. It was necessary for the Government of France that in the face of the French nation these proceedings should take a reciprocal form, and that was the

ground upon which we acceded to the treaty. You have supplied me to-day with a new proof—if proof were wanting—of the generous sentiments of the English nation towards those who are charged with the execution of public duties, and with respect to whom it is indubitably to be believed that, whatever may be their omissions or their failures, they are due to human infirmity and defect of power, but not to any want of sincere intention, or of loyal and cordial devotion to the interests of the country. (Cheers.) It has been sometimes thought, by those who have had to administer despotic governments, that political life would be a yoke too hard to bear were its duties to be discharged amid the free working of free institutions. But after what I may now perhaps not improperly call a long experience, I may say that we who are intrusted with the confidence of the Crown, and that of the nation, have in general have learnt the very reverse, and that if any one of us desire to exchange the full publicity in which we perform our duties for the secret of an

to perform your duties for the security of any foreign Cabinet. We have a desire to limit that free and invaluable village press, discussed by the Press on behalf of the country, whereby they are entitled—and I am thankful to say they make use of their right—to canvass and criticize without restraint the acts of public men. (Cheers.) None of us have a desire—none of us have a latent, lurking bias that would lead us, if we could, to substitute a censorship of the Press or a law of libel interfering with the just liberty of private judgment. (Cheers.) And least of all, I am certain, have those who have been responsible—as it has often been my lot to be—for reducing into practical form important measures of public legislation, wished or desired to prevent the freest criticism of those measures by the press of our country, and among all classes of the community. I have learnt by a happy experience that in the contact—aye, even the conflict—of ideas lies the best security, humanly speaking, both for the efficacy of public measures and for the honesty of public men. (Cheers.) I trust that our intentions are good; but I am the first to say that if we were condemned to act in secrecy we ought not to be trusted. (Cheers.) That publicity, that free-

dom of speech, that constant canvassing of every matter of public interest which is bound up with the heart-strings of a community like this is as dear to us as it can be to you. And when I see the assembly before me, when I recollect the events of to-day and of days which have preceded it, well may I say, "Why should we wish to change our lot so long as health and strength continue for the prosecution of our duties, when we know that every effort, however humble, made in the service of the Crown and of the country will meet with a generous response alike exceeding our hopes and our deserts?" But "man does not live by bread alone." It is not the accumulation of capital which is to be the single object of our anxiety, and thank God! in recent times something has been done for the interests of labour. We have seen a population elevated in its position and enlarged in its resources. Comfort has been carried into the home of many a working man; and, although we sometimes draw to ourselves "gilded visions of the distant past," I must say I believe that there has not been a period for perhaps uncounted generations in which the condition of the labouring population of this country has been upon the whole, and with whatever pain-

At York:—

As to other countries, it must be our fervent prayer, not that our weaknesses, not that our infirmities—and we have them in our abundance, but that the blessings we enjoy may be imparted to other nations of the earth. With regard to the case of our brethren in America, I for once confess that I can hardly express the disappointment and pain with which I witness what is now proceeding on that great continent. I have never been one of those who have believed that a new world was to be an improvement upon the old. It may be because our local and municipal and insular ideas in England to a certain extent bind us down to what is English, and tend to make us not wholly impartial judges of the institutions and manners of other people; but I must confess that while at all times rejoicing that America was a free country, I have felt that there was something in the freedom of America that was not quite of the genuine ancestral staple of the freedom of England. (Cheers.) We have now lived to a period when that freedom itself seems to be in danger. Every packet almost brings us the account of measures which show that in the desperate contest, the conflict that rages civil and political rights are in danger, offered up a sacrifice to the necessities of the time, and there arises in the mind, along with regret for the annihilation of human blood and for the continual exasperation of human feeling, the question, if possible, yet more painful, because it reaches further into the future, how, after this tremendous conflict—how, after this enthroning of force and of military power over and above the reign of law and

order, is Africa hereafter to return to a state of things in which at any rate, whether we may or may not prefer English views of freedom to hers, she did afford perfect guarantee to individual liberty, property, and life. I earnestly hope that question may be answered, and answered in a favourable sense; but I think we must feel that the struggle which this terrific struggle continues the more doubtful comes the future of America, the more difficult will it be for her to establish that orderly and legal state of things, now it is too plain, for the moment at least, superseded, in which we saw and were accustomed to see with delight at once the best security for the extension of her material prosperity and power, and likewise the best hope of her continuing to retain that resemblance and that deep attachment to England which I for one believe she never yet has lost. As far as experience throws light on the subject, and, indeed, upon grounds of reason alone, we could hardly be otherwise. There is no doubt that what is taking place in America has created a new and a very

America has operated as a serious blemish and as a serious and grave disadvantage in Europe to the progress of the world, and yet merely to Liberal principles in the sense of party—but even of those constitutional principles in firmly embracing which all parties in this country are happily agreed. I do not think it possible to watch the course and current of opinion, the tone of public declarations, and the action of our institutions, without seeing that an influence unfavourable to freedom has been strengthened by the unhappy experience of what may be called American democracy. I earnestly trust that Engliemen will be upon their guard against that reaction. If it be true that the institutions of America have not produced in this time of most deadly trial all the fruits of an ideal excellence, yet let us recollect that at any rate for two or three generations that Constitution to which the immortal Washington gave his sanction, and which was devised by men than whom I believe abler statesmen never or rarely have taken part in public affairs, has, at all events, served to keep watch and ward over the advancing fortunes of the nation, which under its influence has grown from infancy not to manhood only, but to a manhood of gigantic dimensions. And let us recollect, in sympathy with our brethren across the water, that if this deadly strain has come which must rend, at least, into two portions, that great community, it has come not altogether in consequence of the action of principles purely political, but that the root of the difficulty lies in the social disorders, which may well be termed incompatibility of social temper, in a broad difference of institutions, and, to speak plainly, in the existence of that saddest social calamity of slavery which was a legacy from England to America. (Hear.) Reference has been made to another country upon which, therefore, I may add one word; and if, in turning the eye towards America, there be any discouragement for the friends of freedom and popular principles, they may repair and retrieve that discouragement by contemplating the case of Italy. Mr. Canning once said, in a passage of burning eloquence, that he had called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the Old. We may now say that we turn to a country of the Old World to redress and compensate the calamities and failures of the New. (Cheers.) If we have doubts as to the efficacy of constitutional principles, let us see what has taken place in that old country which 2000

years ago was the mistress of the world—that country which was not only at unity with itself, but was the principle and centre of unity in the period of the Roman Empire for civilised mankind—that country which has indeed been shivered to fragments now for some centuries, but which, by her own moral energies more than by any other cause, and with an observance of order and an amount of self-government and self-command that would do credit to any nation on the earth is gathering herself into one well compacted mass, and promising again to take in Europe a place which may recall the glories of the very best days of ancient Rome. (Cheers.) The friends of freedom, I think, may take comfort in seeing what has been going on in Italy for the last three or four years, and the advance still being made there. Even the very retardation of the final fulfilment of the hopes of that country affords the most signal proof of the true progress she has made. As long as success attends our human undertakings it is easy to present a smooth appearance to the world. But Italy during the last four years has shown that she was equally fitted to encounter success and disappointment. She lately found herself under the guidance of perhaps the greatest statesman of modern times, but the remarkable decree of Providence has not left her desolate. She has shown us that she does not depend upon a man upon that man, but that the sound understanding of her people, with their heart in the right place, is enough to assure to her the promise of a future and an illustrious future. For us who are Englishmen it is a matter of no small delight to reflect that the utmost of her hopes is to reproduce our institutions. She has striven to walk in the path of our fathers; she has striven in the spirit not of servile imitation, but of true, sound, and practical philosophy, to embody in her laws, and has fairly exemplified in her conduct, the very best of those principles which guided our forefathers through many a political conflict, and enabled them to realise that which we yet fondly term, and which our children will, as I believe, for many generations after us fondly term, the British Constitution. (Cheers.) Let us be thankful that if discouragement comes to us from one quarter we may draw comfort from another; and, long as the difficulties of Italy may continue, I am persuaded she will continue to derive incessant consolation from the thought that in England, not merely in one class or another, but throughout the whole mass of the community, and in every corner of the country, there is scarcely a heart but beats warmly in sympathy with her noble efforts. (Loud cheers.)

(From the Illustrated London News, October 25th.)

THE Prussian Constitution, people, and monarch, thanks to the last, are sustaining the same fiery ordeal, in an attempt to settle the permanent relations of prerogative to freedom, as that through which this country passed during the reign of the first Charles, but not, we devoutly hope, with any likelihood of reaching a similar tragical conclusion. King William I., crowned, it may be remembered, about this time last year at Konigsberg, solemnly asserted at that imposing ceremonial an obsolete theory touching the "divine right" of kings, and especially of the Kings of Prussia, which awakened some uneasiness in the minds of his own subjects, and which startled Europe, familiar with the recent history of the Hohenzollern family, into a shout of contemptuous laughter. As, however, the Sovereign who professes to receive and hold his crown from Heaven willingly took an oath to observe the Constitution, the Royal revival of mediæval doctrines was regarded as merely an antic of prudence, and of no further practical significance than as it exhibited somewhat obtrusively to the world the weak side of the Prussian Monarch's character. Unhappily, William I., like our own Charles, is not content with being left in unmolested possession of a dormant theory. His conscience, pricked thereupon by violent anti-popular advisers, has put him upon using his old-world doctrine as a living power, and, finding his purpose hampered by constitutional restraints, he has taken the dangerous resolution of carrying on his Government (to use the words of the *Stern Zeitung*, the avowed exponent of the Ministerial policy), "not against, but without, the Constitution," or, adopting the euphemistic language of the King's Message to the House of Deputies, "without taking cognisance of the

The subject-matter of dispute between the King and the all-but-unanimous representative Chamber is, as usual, the army. His Majesty, himself a military man, and accustomed to look upon the army as a sort of Royal inheritance with which the nation has no right to interfere, moved, no doubt, in the first instance by mistrust of Napoleonic policy, but impelled latterly by more serious and realistic policy of his own, has taken steps, first, to increase by all former proportions the armed forces of Prussia, and, secondly, to organise it on a basis which will remove it beyond reach of popular sympathies. Of course this could not be done without a very large addition to the usual amount of national expenditure, and consequently, of taxation. The Military Budget, or, as we should describe it, the Army Estimates, for the present year, submitted to Parliament by M. von Bismarck, the Prime Minister, went beyond all former precedents in burdensomeness. Accordingly, the Lower House, not at all convinced that the present circumstances of Europe called for such a sacrifice on the part of the Prussian people, referred the Budget to a committee, by which M. von Bismarck was examined at length as to the precise nature of those national exigencies which, in the view of the Administration, rendered necessary such a formidable augmentation of the military strength of Prussia. The explanations of the Premier, so far as he condescended to give them, were not calculated to conciliate the favour of the committee. They were distinctly frowned that "it is not towards Liberalism, but to her power, that Germany"—that is, the policy of the existing Government—"is looking." "Prussia," said the King's minister, "must collect her strength and hold it herself ready for the favourable moment when she already began to favour to escape several times..." The great question of the day was not believed to be matches and resolutions of majorities, as in 1848-9, but of blood.

The committee, no doubt, understood the language addressed to them, but it does not appear to have had much effect in changing the views they held as to the expediency of retrenchment.

Those European statesmen who desire and are labouring for the continuance of peace will probably detect in M. Bismarck's words fresh cause for anxiety. It is sufficiently annoying—to use no harsher term—to State intent upon a policy of friendship towards their neighbours, and of political and commercial development as it regards themselves, to be coerced by the rest

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2**

less ambition of this or that dynasty into perpetual vigilance and unnecessary expenditure lest they should be presently dragged into a struggle at a disadvantage or submit to a forfeiture of their international position. Such States, of which England is the foremost in importance, have already suffered more than enough, in worry and in increased fiscal burdens, from the course threatened by France under the Imperial system. It is unpleasantly irritating and vexatious, at the very moment when the imperative necessities of financial retrenchment were giving us reliable security against any proximate disturbance of the *status quo* of Europe by Napoleon III., that Prussia should pick up the Emperor's fallen mantle, and assume the attitude of a public disturber. Nevertheless, this seems to be the only reasonable interpretation of which M. Bismarck's fiery language is susceptible. Prussia, holding in hand an army swollen far beyond any need of self defence, is content, like an eagle from her eyrie, to sit on the look-out for a successful swoop. She has missed several chances. She does not intend to let the next favourable moment pass for adding to her "power" escape her unimproved, the Premier, we believe, is a personal friend of Louis Napoleon, and cherishes intense admiration of the Imperial system. To govern absolutely and yet under constitutional forms, to divert attention from home questions by the excitements of war, to rectify irregular and inconvenient frontiers, and to force Prussia to the head of Germany, appears to constitute his aim. A storm must be raised in order that Prussia may fish in troubled waters. The first quarry to be struck down will probably be Denmark (with whom a source of dispute has been long and carefully kept open), for the chance of getting Kiel, and so becoming possessed of a port for a Baltic fleet, and her visions of aggrandisement, rather than shadows and dim hopes, lie beyond—the fusion, say, of the numerous States and Principalities of Germany into one empire under the Prussian Crown, the humiliation of Austria, and a higher place than ever for the Hohenzollerns among the Royal houses of Europe. These are "the questions of the day" which, as M. Bismarck justly observes, "will not be solved by speeches and resolutions of majorities, but by steel and blood."

A truly impressive political *programme* this, no doubt, but one which the Committee of the Lower House did not seem to consider worth adopting at the cost of a Liberal Constitution. So they amended the Military Budget of the Minister by largely curtailing its dimensions, and resolutely declining to listen to any compromises that might betray them into a surrender of their constitutional rights. The measure thus rigidly revised was sent up to the Chamber of Nobles for their sanction or rejection. There is but little Liberalism, and less independence in the Upper House. Its members owe their seats, for the most part, to the nomination of the Crown, fill the high offices of State, and live upon either pensions or salaries awarded them by the Government. But their sympathies are thoroughly feudal, and nothing, probably, could give them greater pleasure than the opportunity put within their reach of snubbing Prussian Liberalism. Accordingly, their first step, on receiving the revised Budget from the Commons, was to reject all the amendments that had been introduced into the measure; their second was to vote the whole Budget as originally submitted by M. Bismarck to the Lower House. The Government chose to regard this proceeding of the Upper House as equivalent to a statutory enactment, and the Ministerial press, by a most curious and original course of reasoning, endeavoured to prove that a budget so based was constitutionally legal. The deputies, however, were equal to the emergency. They declared by a unanimous resolution that the act of the Upper House was a violation of the Constitution, and by the same resolution, also unanimously passed, that any expenditure of national funds under that Budget would be illegal. The King thereupon, by royal message, closed the session, and, as we have already seen, avowed his intention of carrying out the budget "without taking cognisance of the conditions imposed by the Constitution." The Crown Prince, it is said, energetically protested against this revolutionary step, and in return received a lengthened leave of absence for himself and the Princess Royal, giving them the opportunity of a winter's sojourn in Italy.

So matters stand at present. The Liberal party are using their utmost influence to prevent any outburst of insurrectionary violence. The King is receiving congratulatory addresses from insignificant municipal and provincial cliques, decoyed by administrative adroitness into an expression of sympathy with him. What the next move will be it is impossible to predict. The Deputies are about to reverse their former conclusion and will every prospect of receiving from them a recommendation. Another appeal to the electors would inevitably issue in the return of a still more Liberal and determined House than the present one. It is rumoured, however, that M. Bismarck, imitating the expedients, and perhaps acting on the suggestions of his patron and rival, Napoleon III., contemplates submitting a proposal to the Reichstag, for obtaining a decision by universal suffrage. It is extremely doubtful whether the plan will serve his object. The electoral body of Prussia

is itself chosen by a suffrage nearly approaching universality, and the present disposition of the primary electors has been very recently put to the proof, and shown to be decidedly anti-seccal. How far official manipulation may succeed in cajoling or coercing them remains to be seen should the Napoleonic idea be reduced to practice; but in Germany, where the machinery of a united, subservient, and all-pervasive priesthood is wanting, it is exceedingly problematical whether the utmost exertions of Government could secure the ratification of its policy by a popular vote. There is the army, it is true; but the passive resistance of a nation to illegal taxation would speedily checkmate the largest military force. If the Liberals in Prussia are thoroughly in earnest they live in their hands the means of winning the constitution and freedom of their country; but, although in such case their victory is sure, they will have to purchase it, as England did, at the cost of many sufferings and large sacrifices. For their own sake, for Europe's sake, and for the sake of human civilisation and progress, we devoutly hope that they will show themselves equal to the occasion.

**SIR GEORGE LEWIS AND MR. GLADSTONE.**  
(From the Spectator, October 18.)

Sir George Lewis has answered Mr. Gladstone. He has made it evident that he at least is not prepared to admit that we should be acting in accordance with European conventions or international rules in acknowledging the South, while a great army still hovers over it and at points even yet holds its ground on Southern soil. We are grateful to Sir George Lewis for the service he has thus performed in

1862.

fecting the enthusiasm of English sympathy with the slaveholders to face the cold intellectual view which they take of the position. Nations which boast of being governed by public opinion cannot be too grateful for a country where the opinions of the public to detect the weakness and the error of opinion, and remorselessly insist on our seeing them so. And this, no doubt, Sir George Lewis's true function is to gather up the scattered and feeble lining side of public opinion. We, for our parts, can see their true relative places with the less partiality, and we are glad to see as to the true intent of Sir George Lewis's antislavery. Gladstone's servant. We do not suppose for a moment that he feels much sympathy with the anti-slavery cause. On the contrary, he has no doubt that he could point out with his usual persucuity, if any one were to hopelessness of any solution to the struggle which could bring any solid satisfaction to English slaveholders. He has not the least effective of his dampening criticisms have not been successful in persuading which we have constantly endeavored to express. Still, he is not the less valuable as a statesman for always bringing us to book on every kind of "earnest conviction."

And he is especially valuable as foil to Mr. Gladstone. The latter is a statesman who rules by persuasive power, the former by what we may call *subduing power*. The Chancellor of the Exchequer appeals to a public opinion already existing, and swells it into a great tumult. The Minister at War, on the other hand, is a man of iron, who, by a single cut the timid pliancy of Gladstone's opinion, depresses it into profound discouragement. The line they have each taken on the American war is exceedingly characteristic. Mr. Gladstone gave us a splendid expression of his thoughts and wishes of his audience, Sir Cornwall Lewis to the contrary notwithstanding. He said that he had no uneasy doubts. The one drew them forward, the other warned them back: the one made the people of Newcastle happy; the other made the Herefordshire squire unhappy; but each produced his impressive impression for the same reason. Gladstone, after as a lucid and slightly cynical critic, of their wisdom. While any prudent doubt remains as to what we ought to do, Sir Cornwall Lewis is the true Minister for he sees so vividly all the disadvantages of any course of action, that the course of action is determined on, Mr. Gladstone, if he can, will do all his heart, is the true statesman for, for he can express and swell indefinitely the popular energy which carries a people on in the course of a great action. The same difference is apparent even in financial policy. Gladstone sympathises strongly with commercial enterprise, and is himself eminently an enterprising financier, not seldom even going out of his way to create for himself difficulty in order that he may overcome it. He attracts credit to himself, and to his own country, and is as it were the rise of our rent finance. The Minister at War, on the other hand—and it is rather an odd characteristic for a Minister at War—represents the intellectual caution of the country. He is a man of iron, though only indirectly, his political ironia. He distrusts and checks the people especially in his own provinces of literature and finance. He loves nothing so well as to jostle over the credulous chivalry of learning in a Bunsen, or to jostle cold water over his financial chivalry in a Gladstone.

[illegible]

But to whatever cause due, Sir George Lewis's speech at Hereford is a thing to congratulate ourselves upon. It proves definitely that Mr. Gladstone's speech at Birmingham was not only an orator's mode of expressing the widely-diffused Southern tendencies of English politics, not a statesman's hint. Mr. Gladstone proved what we have never doubted, that there is in the Cabinet a strong sympathy with the South. Sir George Lewis proved that there is still there also a strong counterbalancing element of rigid caution and reserve. And with this certainty we must necessarily be content. Had the North been in the majority, the Government would have sympathized with freedom,—had they been mild towards the rebels, stern towards the principles of the rebellion,—had they always visited such a policy as we have seen in England with punishment, and steadily pushed the principle that the South and the Union must rest on a respect for freedom to its legitimate consequences, the Cabinet would probably have in Earl Russell a representative of the positive and realistic policy which England might have seen in the profound disapprobation felt for the principle of the new Confederacy. We must not expect the political creed of our Cabinet to be raised to far above the nation, otherwise they could not maintain it. England is a country of shades. Of the three different shades of conviction in the Cabinet, all are perhaps more creditable to England than the general level of newspaper opinion. The one extreme represents the oratorical sympathy with error, and the other extreme with oratorical hate the very trial to which the Northern people have been exposed, and tries to soften the English prejudice against them; Sir Cornewall Lewis represents the middle ground, and is steadily to the absolute international rule laid down for such cases, and reins in with all his force English impatience; while Lord Russell coldly discourages all sympathy with the South, and refuses to take any part in the question of the Government of the Government. The Government is really wiser and more temperate than the nation, and what more in a self-governed country can we hope for?

**THE LATE MURDERS OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.**

We feel lively satisfaction in reporting that the assassins of the Rev. Messrs. Coffing and Meriam, the circumstances whose murders will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, have, one after the other, received the penalty of his crime, and three others been condemned to death. The former, Achmet, the murderer of Mr. Coffing, near Alexandretta, was decapitated at Adana on the 24th ultimo, in the presence of nearly two thousand spectators, including the American, French, Russian and Italian consuls. The latter, a party of the premeditated conspiracy, was also executed, and the tranquillity prevailed on the occasion, and many of the Mussulmans present even shouted "Padiashah sagh alah!" (May the Sultan live for ever!) After the execution, however, some of the followers of the notorious Mustapha Bey, one of our relatives, Hall, had been a confederate with Achmet in his crime, attempted to waylay and murder Mr. J. S. Johnson, American consul-general at Beyrout, and some officers of the United States corvette Constellation on their return from Adana. The party, however, boldly

The correspondent, who reports to us three facts which are of great importance, says that Adana displayed most praise-worthy energy in carrying out the order of his Highness Asli Pacha to bring the now-executed murderer to justice. Mr. Johnson, above-named, is also said to have displayed indefatigable energy and exerted the most largely contributed to the result. Our correspondent adds:—"This execution will have no little influence in rendering the lives of Christian travellers more secure in the dangerous neighbourhood of Alexandretta. The next step for the purging of the high road is to remove the notorious Asad Pacha, who is to be removed by Mustafa Pacha, the protector of brigands, from his post of calmness of Poyas." We have reason to believe that Mr. Joy Murray, the American minister, is earnestly urging his latter step on the Porte, and in so doing bears the blame of all such outrages in the public opinion of Europe—we hope his efforts will be successful.

To this brief record of accomplished justice we are glad to be able to add that three of the principal men who were shot by Merian between Adriano and Philippopolis have been sentenced to death at the former place, and will be similarly executed in a few days. Their accomplices, executed in guilty, have been sentenced to various other punishments. Proportioned to the whole of the outrage. The gang to which they their share in the out- belonged has kept the whole country between Adriano and Philippopolis in terror for more than twenty years. They have committed as least twenty murders. That justice has been done for the first time over-taken them is very greatly to the credit of our brave Kibrial Pacha, Governor of Adriano, Nourset Bey, his assistant, and the officers of the garrison. A special agent on this service by the Porte, Mr. J. F. Bunnell, of Vienna, accompanied by Mr. Twendrick, the special agent of the American legation, have all earned well of the province and of the Porte by their exertions on this occasion.—*Lancet* London of Oc-

No. 2.  
The Scene represents the Interior of a Room.

Scene represents the interior of a First-class Carriage. The distinguished Couple have it all to themselves, and are going from one seaside to another at an hour's distance.

Mrs. Naggleton. Of course you've left the keys behind.

Mr. Nagleton. Why of course? Because you always do? It happens that I haven't, for here they are. What else may be left behind I can't say.

Mrs. N. No, you took care to have business to go about when you might have helped me in packing.

Mr. N. Yes, for the last time I made the offer, you sent me packing myself. Ha! ha!

Mrs. N. You intend that for some kind of joke, I suppose. It would be a very good thing if people didn't attempt what they don't understand. But because Wyandham Warehouse says clever things, all the "Flop" club must try to imitate him, which is very ridiculous.

Mr. N. I thought, my dear, that having (ironically) so many accomplishments, you could afford not to set up for a judge of wit.

Mrs. N. I know real wit when I hear it, and I know that it is very unlike the ridiculous and vulgar banter that passes for it at the "Pile," at least if I may judge by the specimens you bring home, though to be sure you may spoil them in bringing; likely enough, considering the state in which you come home.

Mr. N. There are so many counts to that indictment, my dear, that I will plead to the last only, and say that I have never saw me the worse for what I had taken at the little social meeting that always excites your spite.

Mrs. N. I didn't say you were the worse. On the contrary, if you come home rather foolish, you are good-natured, and not much inclined to talk.

Mr. N. Your amiability, my dear, is such encouragement to me to persevere in pressing these little holidays upon you. A cheerful companion more than repays any trouble or expense she may occasion.

Mrs. N. I understand your manly and generous meaning, Mr. Nettleton. But I am neither vexed nor surprised. I require no new proof that your earlier life was not passed in good society. The idea that, in return for her railway fare, a lady is to

amuse you, is so essentially commercial that it would make one smile, but that the children are in daily danger of imbibing such lessons.

Mr. N. If they imbibe nothing worse than my teaching, Mrs. Naggleton, they will do no harm. I can't say as much if they imbibe what I have seen you giving them at lunch, namely, Burton ale.

Mrs. N. I believe that I am responsible for their medical attendant for their disorder, Mr. Naggleton.

Mr. N. Has your own dietary included a dictionary, swallowed by mistake, my love? Because you are bringing out the long words, uncommon, this morn-

Mrs. N. I can well understand (smiling) that you had no such complaint to make of the first Mrs. Negleton. I think she spelt coffee with the same letters as cough, did she not, dear?

Mr. N. It's untrue. And whatever she *spelt* coffee with, M'm, she *made* it with hot water, which is a precious deal more than I can get her successor to do.

Mrs. N. Her successor should have been a kitchen-maid, my dear.

Mr. N. Well, in the matter of tongue and temper, that might have involved no great change in my present happiness, my love.

Mrs. N. Wyndham Warrington must have given you quite a heap of bad sayings, which he has worn the threadbare, and can't use any longer. Are there the perquisites of his followers? You come out quite smart in them. What a pity it is you forget them before company, and try nonsense of your own!

Mr. N. Ah, my dear, when we want to wound we shouldn't know the things we are in a rage. Calm yourself down to your usual ill-treatment, and you may be as disagreeable. At present you are a study—and I say ad, thanks to sea air, a brown study.

[Proud of his victory, he begins to read the paper, elaborately.]

Mrs. N. (suddenly). If anything should happen to you, Henry, I will try to forget all the insults you have rejoiced to heap upon me. But you will make that duty very, very, *very* difficult.

Mr. N. Indeed, love? Well, I promise you this. I'll try and postpone it for you as long as I possibly

Mrs. N. Yes, it is very well to talk so, but I assure you, Henry, the thought comes to me very often, and prevents my taking notice of many and many a thing which I ought to resent.

Mr. N. Deuce it does? You resent most things, and grumble at the rest. What was that station we passed?

Mrs. N. Tinkleby. Couldn't you read that? How your eyes are failing, and what childish vanity not to wear spectacles.

Mr. N. Vanity. Ha! ha! what have I to be vain of?

[Meaning a bitter satire on his matrimonial acquisition.]

Mrs. N. (accepting the challenge). I really don't know. And pride, which is a nobler thing, I do not suppose you are capable of feeling. I have read that it is much dulled by the instincts of commerce. Certainly Wyncham Wareham, your model, did say that you had reason to be proud of your marriage, but it is not for me to recal such expressions of opinion.

Mr. N. Well, strictly speaking, my dear, it is not, but their rarity shall be your excuse. And Wareham's so good a judge on conjugal matters that he has kept himself single, and married a

himself single, and means to do so.

Mrs. N. Ah ! a joke redolent of spirits and water and tobacco smoke, and would suit the "Flips" at two in the morning.

Mr. N. Your ridiculous animosity to that harmless meeting is perfectly unaccountable, Mrs. Naggiest.

Mrs. N. Animosity?—no. But I regret that the children are liable to hear, through servants, who may learn it from tradesmen, that you are in that kind of society. I wish you could pass by another name than your own, among such a set.

Mr. N. (furious). Set! By Jove, Mrs. Naggleton, you talk as if you had been born in the purple—that is to say, to suit your understanding, as if your uncle had been a marquis instead of a man—

Mrs. N. The department of the medical profession more especially pursued by my lamented uncle, is one which can afford to disregard the scolds of vulgarity.

Mr. N. Another burst of dictionary talk. Do you think it proper in a first-class carriage. If you cut your words in proportion to the fare, I should like to travel third.

Mrs. N. I make no doubt that in the third-class carriage you would find companions who would suit you. You might even fancy yourself at the "Flips," humbly listening to Wyndham Warham.

Mr. N. That's about the tenth time you've dragged in that man's name by the head and shoulders. What has he done to offend you?

Mrs. N. He? Nothing. I shouldn't speak to him if we met, for I think him a bad style of man, and though one rather likes anybody who is first in his way, it is really such a very small triumph to be first at the "Elms," that I cannot make a hero out of

Mr. N. I had thoughts of withdrawing from that club, Mrs. Naggleston, but I am now resolved that I will accept the invitation to take the chair at the next monthly meeting.

Mrs. N. Lor, why shouldn't you. I dare say you will not make much of a failure. I know Edward

Clarkson took it, and they say did very well, and you know he is the greatest idiot in the world.

Mr. N. (emphatically). No, Madam, he is not. That name belongs to a man who did not know when he was well off, but must needs—

Guard. Tickets, all tickets ready.

Mr. N. I gave them to you. Why don't you get

them out?  
Mrs. N. I shall get them out when they're wanted,  
and not till then.  
Mr. N. (angrily). You have no right to delay the  
whole train by your petulance.  
Mrs. N. (unmoved). Haven't I? But I shall, if  
please.  
[And she does please.—Funch.]



National Library of Australia

5 carriages  
 1 break  
 2 dogcarts  
 10 sets of silver-mounted harness  
 12 hogskin saddles and bridles, &c.  
 The whole to be sold without reserve, as Mr. Driscoll  
 intends giving up the livery business.  
 The whole can be seen on the premises.

**J**OHAN G. COHEN has received instr  
from Messrs. Gluehrist, Watt, and Co.  
at the Bank Auction Rooms, on FRIDAY, Jan  
1863, at 11 o'clock precisely,  
100 cases galvanised corrugated iron, 24, 26,  
gauges.  
Detailed particulars will be advertised.  
Terms at sale.

RAILWAY COMMUNICATION, being of  
PETERSHAM STATION, and are admirably  
for manufacturing purposes, having fronted  
NEVER-FAILING SUPPLY OF FRESH  
from the creek, with a natural drainage to  
desiderate not to be met with in any part of the  
so short a distance from the CITY OF SYDNEY  
Plan on view at the Rooms.  
Terms, liberal.

The Home can be handed over to the purchaser immediately on the transfer from the present lease. Rent paid up to the 27th October, 1883. The auctioneer begs to state respecting the property, that it has been admitted by competent persons to be of a very superior description, consisting of undulating plains and open forest country, and abundantly watered by the M'Kay River and lagoons.

**Terms of sale.**

above prod-  
edges to be  
flows of fine  
tly grained,  
and chains



STONEY:—Printed and published by JOHN FAIRBANK and Sons,  
at the Office of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Pitt and Market  
streets, Thursday, December 24th, 1868.